

WOMEN AND MEN WITH BAD MONEY.

Male Counterfeiters Held in
\$15,000 Bail by Commissioner Shields.

Mrs. Boldtmann and Lizzie Munroe
Expected to Testify for the
Government.

ADMISSIONS OF GUILT IN COURT.

Pechin, Who is Evidently the Leader,
Tries to Excuse Weela—Pathetic
Scenes When Female Relatives See
the Prisoners Arraigned.

Charles Pechin, Morris Goldstein, Charles Murray and Joseph Weela were arrested on Friday for making and passing counterfeit \$2 bills. Two of the men were caught red-handed in their money factory at 28 Clinton place. The whole gang were lodged in Oak Street Police Station, and brought before Commissioner Shields in the United States Circuit Court yesterday. They had in their possession the entire plant necessary for making the William Hill of 1891. Thousands of these counterfeit bills have been lately circulated.

The importance of the capture of a gang of counterfeiters by United States Secret Service men, of this city, on Friday last, was emphasized yesterday, when Commissioner Shields held the prisoners for examination in \$15,000 bail each. The four men arraigned yesterday are Charles Augustus Pechin, of No. 133 Clinton place, who was arrested in company with Mrs. Henrietta Boldtmann, of No. 1875 Second avenue, while trying to pass bogus \$2 bills upon small tradesmen in Hoboken; Charles Murray, of No. 510 West Broadway, and Morris Goldstein, of No. 37 Cannon street, who were captured in the act of making counterfeit greenbacks at the factory of the firm, No. 29 Clinton place, and Joseph Weela, of No. 54 Avenue A.

The woman, Henrietta Boldtmann, who was seen to flip a roll of \$142 in counterfeit bills into a gutter, immediately before her arrest, was still detained in the Hudson County (N. J.) Jail, and the fact of her non-appearance yesterday suggests the possibility of her turning State's evidence.

Another woman, named Lizzie Munroe, who lived at No. 159 Waverley place, and is alleged to have been familiar with Pechin and Murray, was also arrested on Friday night, and yesterday she was bound over in only \$1,000 to appear as a witness against her associates.

The process by which it was evident the most successful counterfeiters of recent times had been produced was that of simply transferring a sun print from a negative onto a sensitized zinc plate, when by the use of dragon's blood and the usual etching tools the perfect die was produced from which any number of greenbacks could be printed. Every item essential to this process was discovered in the Clinton street money factory.

Sergeant Bagg said there was no doubt that Murray was the engraver and etcher, Pechin the painter, Weela the photographer, and that Mr. Boldtmann, who some years ago posed as a clairvoyant and spiritualistic medium, and an associate of the notorious Minnie Williams, was the manufacturer of the paper used in the counterfeit bills, which was almost as fine as that in orthodox Government bills.

Quantities of silk fibre and rolls of paper in all stages of manufacture, enough to make thousands of bills, were also found. At 3 o'clock yesterday the four men were arraigned before Commissioner Shields. Pechin was frantically embraced by his aged mother. He shook her off, and began at once to exchange sympathetic glances with Goldstein. Weela's wife, who had engaged Lawyer Abraham Levy to defend him, had waited for him in the court room, and when he was brought in she burst into tears.

ADMIT THEIR GUILT.

United States Assistant District Attorney Inman conducted the case for the Government and began by asking that the bail of each prisoner should be fixed at \$15,000. Commissioner Shields said: "I have had numbers of people before me, innocent people, charged with passing these very notes, and I feel it is impossible to deal too harshly with the men from whom these things have emanated."

When asked if he required time to secure counsel, Pechin said, laughingly: "No, I am willing to act as my own counsel." Goldstein then volunteered the statement that he had been working at the business only two or three weeks, and had passed a few of the notes. "But then I saw what was in 'em," he said, "and I dropped the game."

Pechin again broke in: "I want to say that Weela never had anything to do with

the job at all. The others were all in it except him."

Eventually the bail was fixed at the sum suggested by Mr. Inman and the examination fixed for Saturday next at 11 o'clock. When the men were being led away a painful scene occurred as Mrs. Weela clung to her husband and sobbed in his arms. The prisoners were all taken to Ludlow Street Jail.

CLAIMED TO BE MECHANICS.

Pechin has for the last seven years lived with his mother and stepfather, a man called Hantz, at No. 133 Clinton place. Ernest Rau, who keeps a cigar store in the basement of that address, said yesterday: "I used to attend the French Sunday School on Sixteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, some years ago, when young Pechin was a scholar there. He was a bright boy and studied drawing and engraving at the Cooper Institute. Of late years, however, he has been seen very little about this place and all the family have got very much to themselves."

Messrs. Kornfeld & Co., hat manufacturers, occupy the floor immediately beneath the counterfeiters' den at No. 28 Clinton place. The head of the firm said yesterday that they never heard any one moving above them, and had grown suspicious of the business carried on there. At least half a dozen men a day, however, called and inquired for the manager of the photo-engraving company.

Mr. I. A. Duberant, manufacturer of picture mats and frames, occupies the second floor of the building and has the letting of the floors. He said that Pechin came there in the middle of January and looked at the floor; then he brought Weela. They wanted a twelve months' lease of the premises. When he required references they said that they were both employed elsewhere and wanted to start a photo-engraving business of their own on a small scale. He eventually granted them a lease, believing they were honest mechanics.

At the house, No. 159 Waverley place, where Lizzie Munroe occupied the second floor front room, a man who called himself M. D. Boone and claimed to be a private detective, said that a man with a gray beard and a black bag had frequently called on Miss Munroe and raised trouble about money. So far as he knew, the woman lived as the wife of Pechin.

Mrs. Anne Stupp, the landlady of the place, told how she had felt under the stair carpets, just outside Miss Munroe's door, yesterday morning, after the arrest, and found a roll of counterfeit \$2 bills there concealed. She refused to say how

she had disposed of them. Numerous cards of lithographic and engraving companies, chiefly in New Jersey, were found in her rooms.

MURIEL'S STORMY VOYAGE

Caught in a Big Gale on Her Way from the West Indies—Her Lifeboats Destroyed.

Every one of the six lifeboats on the steamship Muriel were stowed in when she arrived here yesterday from St. Kitts and other West Indian ports. The mischief was caused by a northwest gale, which swept the vessel for six days.

The storm struck the Muriel on February 29, four days after she left St. Kitts, in latitude 20 degrees, 26 minutes, and longitude 68 degrees, 44 minutes. The hatches were fast to meet the gale's onslaught. One of the port lifeboats at noon on Sunday was torn from the falls by a wave, which carried it over the engine apertures and slammed it against the starboard rail.

The skylights were smashed and a small catamaran poured down into the engine-room. Board and canvas were lashed over the broken skylights to keep out the inflow, but even then considerable water got into the room. The storm had apparently increased in violence at dawn of last Monday, and it was found almost impossible to serve regular meals in the dining room. Three of the remaining lifeboats had been wrenched loose from the chocks during the night and broken.

Two boats remained, but the planking of these were crushed in by a wave which rolled over the Muriel at 10 a. m. One of the sailors on the upper deck that morning was picked up by a billow, which washed him over one of the dislodged lifeboats and across the cabin skylights from the port to the starboard side, where he was jammed under another lifeboat. He was found unconscious by his mates, who half dragged, half carried him to the fore-castle.

Chief Officer McDonald was the victim of a wave which came over the port side on Wednesday afternoon and threw him against the after winch. His right wrist was sprained and he was covered with bruises, but not seriously injured. Every one on board received bruises of some sort.

Knob Died of His Injuries.

Edward Knob, the car coupler, of No. 439 West Fourth street, who was squeezed between a car and the platform of the elevated station at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Third Avenue on Friday night, died in the Harlem Hospital at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. After the young man's death the police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street Station arrested Arthur J. Ripley, the engineer of the train that injured Knob. He was arraigned in the Harlem Court yesterday and held for examination.

GRACE CHURCH'S JUBILEE.

Fifty Years Ago Its New Edifice Was Dedicated, but the Parish Is Much Older.

Only Six Pastors in Almost a Century of Devotional and Charitable Work.

AN OFFSHOOT OF OLD TRINITY.

The Congregation Cultivates Impressive Music in Its Worship and Is Noted for the Magnitude of Its Charities.

Yesterday was the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the beautiful edifice of Grace Church at Broadway and Tenth street, and this forenoon at 11 o'clock there will be special jubilee services and an address by the rector, the Rev. William H. Huntington.

The history of Grace Parish dates back almost another half century to the founding of its original church at Broadway and Rector street. It was a brick structure, of odd design, with a dome-shaped roof, surmounted by a wooden cupola and a fanciful wooden spire. It was consecrated in 1808 on the day of the Festival of St. Thomas, and its first rector was the Rev. Samuel Bowen, of Charleston, S. C. The church was erected with funds supplied by Trinity Church, but when, in a short time, Grace Church offered to repay the amount Trinity declined to take back what it had freely given.

In 1810 the first rector resigned, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Montgomery, of Trenton, N. J., who, resigning after four years of service, was succeeded by the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, assistant rector of Trinity.

From the first the church numbered among its congregation many of the best and wealthiest of the residents of the city, but under Rector Wainwright it took on new energy and enthusiasm. It began to enter actively into the city's missionary work, which has ever since so proudly distinguished it. It opened a free parish school and did excellent service with it, until the common school system of the State made it no longer necessary. It introduced advanced ideas regarding the duties of its choir music, while at the same time, to quote the minutes of a meeting of May 4, 1820, seeing to it that "the praise and glory of God be sung with reverence and devotion by the whole congregation."

After thirteen years of invaluable service Dr. Taylor was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas House Taylor, who continued as rector until his death, in 1867. It was during his pastorate that, on March 7, 1849, the present edifice, so justly famous for its architectural beauty, was consecrated.

Dr. Taylor was one of the most famous preachers of his time, and when he died the work was taken up by another, also famous, the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, who resigned the charge in 1883 to become Bishop of New York. He was succeeded by the present rector, Dr. Huntington. The church feels proud of its history and achievements, of the long roll of well-known names inscribed upon its consecrated records, and of the splendid ability of the rectors who have been at its head. It is proud, too, that in the eighty-eight years of its history it has had but six pastors, showing that congregation and ministry work together with mutual confidence and good feeling.

At the jubilee exercises this forenoon Dr. Huntington will preside, and he will make the history of the church. Whether her sons shall be statesmen or day laborers and whether her daughters are invalids or models of perfect womanhood, depend chiefly upon the engaged girl herself. And this particular girl considered herself a fit subject for the marriage laws of a year ago.

A HAPPY LIFE. Through childhood she had been so carefully guarded that she had not known suffering or misery, hardly a moment's unhappiness. But suddenly there came to her a terrible revelation of woman's woes in her own soul-racking experience. She found herself afflicted with one of the torments peculiar to her sex. Whether her sons shall be statesmen or day laborers and whether her daughters are invalids or models of perfect womanhood, depend chiefly upon the engaged girl herself. And this particular girl considered herself a fit subject for the marriage laws of a year ago.

PRONOUNCED HOPELESS. This lady wrote: "Four of the best doctors treated my case for years. They all gave me up as hopeless; they said I could not be cured and could not live. I suffered untold pains and misery, such as no pen can describe, for six years. I was confined to my bed most of the time. I expected the cold hand of death every day. I was afflicted with 'Female Weakness'—a bearing-down sensation in the small of my back—my bowels constive, also palpitation of the heart. When began taking the wonderful medicines that cured me, I could sit up only a few minutes at a time. I was so weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times per day, his 'Golden Medical Discovery' three times per day, and one of Dr. Pierce's Pellets every night.

"These medicines cured me. I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Through the will of God, and these medicines, I have been restored to the best of health."

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS WASTED. Another letter figures in the remarkable experience of this Massachusetts girl. It was written by Mrs. John G. Foster, No. 23 Chapin street, Canandaigua, N. Y., and reads: "I was troubled with eczema, or salt-rheum, seven years. I doctored with a number of our home physicians and received no benefit whatever. I also took treatment from physicians in Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Birmingham, and received no benefit from any of them. I have paid out hundreds of dollars to the doctors without benefit. My brother came to visit us from the West and he told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It had cured him. I have taken ten bottles of the 'Discovery' and am entirely cured."

MRS. UNGER WENT INSANE. Lost Her Mind in the Night and Attacked Her Husband.

Sarah Unger, thirty years old, of No. 57 Lewis street, became violently insane Friday night and had to be taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Her husband, Max, awoke about 3 o'clock yesterday morning to find that his wife had bitten him in the left shoulder. She was raving mad, and he tried to quiet her, but she soon had all the tenants in the house in the hallways. As he could not restrain his wife, Unger called in Policeman Hastings, of the Delancey Street Police Station, who sent for a Governor Hospital ambulance. Dr. Allen took the woman to Bellevue Hospital.

Mrs. Unger has six children, the last of whom was born seven weeks ago. Since then her mind has been affected, and several times in the night she would walk the floor of her bedroom raving and crying that she wanted to die.

SHE IS ENGAGED.

The Most Beautiful Woman in New England.

WILL HER SONS BE STATESMEN,
HER DAUGHTERS MODELS OF
PERFECT WOMANHOOD?

If the half of what has been said and written of woman's inhumanity to woman were true, the girl whose picture is here given would not be living to-day. According to her own words, it was another woman's letter that saved her life. Good judges who have seen this young lady in the flesh say that she is to-day the most perfect specimen of female loveliness in New England.

She is the embodiment of that type of beauty which springs from within, and cannot be portended on the artist's in-



animate canvas or in a newspaper illustration any more than it can be produced by outward means on the face of the living subject.

PERSONAL CHARM. To her personal charms she adds accomplishments and social standing. The fact that she is engaged to be married may cause susceptible young men to lose interest in her, but there are reasons why she becomes of particular interest to every woman in the land.

When a girl is engaged she is preparing to make the history of the world. Whether her sons shall be statesmen or day laborers and whether her daughters are invalids or models of perfect womanhood, depend chiefly upon the engaged girl herself. And this particular girl considered herself a fit subject for the marriage laws of a year ago.

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solid flesh in sunken places. "It does away with the humiliating examinations and 'local treatment' so much avoided by modestly sensitive women."

Every disorder that can be reached through the blood yields to the purifying qualities of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Besides, it builds up wholesome flesh and strength, not merely fat like fifty Cod liver oil, but solid muscle. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it repels disease and builds up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, builds up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

A HINT TO WOMAN.

One reason why woman suffers in silence agonies which would make a coward of the strongest man, is because her innate modesty causes her to shrink from the ordeal of submitting to examinations and "local treatment." When finally torture drives her to seek advice, she, unfortunately, only too often falls into hands that lack the rare ability upon which her peace of mind, her happiness and her life depend. Instead of treatment based upon a vast experience which makes experts of practical nurses, cure a certainty, and failure almost an unheard-of accident, she receives that which makes failure a certainty and cures a mere accident. The expert specialists of the World's

Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, treat all their correspondents as strictly confidential. No letter ever passes beyond the eyes of the Medical Staff, of which Dr. Pierce is President, and none is published unless the writer requests it for the benefit of other sufferers. Both men and women in any position of life may, therefore, apply for and receive advice by letter without the least annoyance or fear of publicity.

THE HIGHEST HONORS. Such is the confidence of his fellow-citizens in his ability, integrity, and worth, that Dr. Pierce has been honored by election to the highest offices in the gift of the people of Buffalo; first, to the State Senate, and later to Congress. Such, however, is the doctor's pride in and love for his profession that he has since repeatedly declined high office in order that he may best serve the public by serving his patients, who are scattered over every State and Territory in the land. Dr. Pierce has on file many thousand letters from grateful people, many of whom were cured by his remedies after having been given up as incurable by local physicians and noted specialists. Many of these grateful patients have specially requested that their cures be published for the benefit of other sufferers. Statistics show that there are not three cases of female disorder in a hundred that Dr. Pierce's remedies will not cure promptly and permanently. No matter how serious the case may be, no matter what friends, physicians and specialists may say, no matter how hopeless and hopeless the patient may feel, if she will write to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at Buffalo, N. Y., of which Dr. Pierce is President, she will promptly receive, free of cost, such plain, straightforward, confidential advice as will enable her to cure herself at home. If, as it sometimes happens, her case doesn't yield entirely to the remedies named, the record shows that by visiting Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute and placing herself under the treatment of the corps of skilled specialists, who have successfully treated thousands upon thousands of cases, she will soon forth a well, strong and happy woman. After years of experience it has been found that there are very many cases of female disorder that Dr. Pierce's put up medicines on sale throughout the land, and when such a case is found, the patient is not asked to indulge in further experiments and expense, but is candidly advised by Dr. Pierce as to her true condition.

A GREAT BOOK FREE. When Dr. Pierce published the first edition of his great work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold the regular price, \$3.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the time and money expended in producing it. He would distribute the next half million free. As this number of copies of the already been sold, he is now giving away, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published. The recipient being required to mail to him, or the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which he is president, a little 14x18 coupon, with the name of the person to whom the book will be sent post-paid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one great volume. It contains over 1,000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. Several finely illustrated chapters are devoted to the careful consideration of the diseases of a physician and without having to admit to a doctor, "examinations" and the stereotyped "local applications" so repulsive to the modestly sensitive woman. The new edition is precisely the same as that heretofore sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong paper covers instead of cloth. If French cloth-covered, embossed and gold stamped are desired, send 10 cents extra—31 cents in all, to cover only the postage and the extra cost of that more durable and beautiful style of binding. Send NOW before all are given away.

Rodentia destroys the rat. With certainty, without a cat. The Rat dries up without offense. No Rats! No Smell! Twenty-five cents. Druggists, or Rodentia Co., 19 East New York.



The Arrested Counterfeiters and Where They Worked.

They made what are considered the best counterfeit bills put upon the market in many years. The process of manufacture was simple, but nearly perfect. Pechin was probably the head of the business, and Weela the photographer. Lizzie Munroe hid a roll of the bogus money just before she was arrested. She and Mrs. Boldtmann may turn State's evidence.